NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 29, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

THIS ISSUE IN TWO SECTIONS

SECTION ONE

Notes on a Journey to Russia

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

The Age of the Shrug

FORREST DAVIS

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . L. BRENT BOZELL

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · ANTHONY LEJEUNE · ROBERT PHELPS

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EDITOR: Wm F. Buckley, Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Frank S. Meyer

MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Karl Hess, Hugh Kenner, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Francis Russell, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

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For the Record

Operation that failed: Dwight Eisenhower's invitation was hardly out before President John Burns of New York's Young Republican Club asked Nikita Khrushchev to address the group. Last week the club's Board of Governors overruled their president and withdrew the invitation. Will others do likewise? . . . Left-wing British press, at first delighted by Ike-Khrushchev exchange, now asking: where does this leave conciliator Macmillan? (Answer: out). . . . French papers gleefully reporting hot time in the Elysée Palace when Eisenhower visits de Gaulle. The French president furious when he got the word of invitation to Khrushchev. . . . Reports that Khrushchev invitation had been "forced" on Eisenhower by "the alliance" evidently a great surprise also to French Premier Michel Debré, who spoke openly of France's fear she might be crushed by "agreements between very great powers."

The State Department insists it has received virtually no mail protesting forthcoming Khrushchev visit. . . . On the other hand, the White House is the object of growing mail campaign; each letter contains a white feather for the "surrender" conference. . . . A Swedish weekly asks editorially, are Americans ten times more cowardly than Swedes? Points out that Sweden, with only 7.5 million inhabitants and living virtually in Russia's backyard, voiced such antagonism to Khrushchev's visit there that Khrushchev huffily refused to go. . . . Recommended reading: Khrushchev's much-quoted warning to the West that he would bury us. Two sentences later he said: "If you don't like us, don't invite us to come to see you."

Much publicity given fact that Soviets ordered certain books removed from U.S. Fair. Not mentioned: prudish ban on ladies' lingerie. . . . Khrushchev refused to believe Nixon statement that U.S. had more than 60 million cars. Actual figures: world total 111 million, of which 67 million in U.S.A. . . . Incentive offered East Germans in new physical fitness drive for clerical and factory workers: chance to win the "Ready for Work and for the Defense of the Homeland" medal. . . . Triumph of autonomist Signor Milazzo in Sicily believed to have strengthened the hand of left-wing Fanfani-segment of the Italian Christian Democratic Party.

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The WEEK

● The nation's admirable and energetic House Committee on Un-American Activities has drawn blood out of a Pike-staff: The "Social Relations" department of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of California, composed of clergymen and laymen from among Bishop Pike's faithful, demands that the committee call off its hearings on grounds we seem to have heard before somewhere, namely: the committee has proved "so threatening to the private welfare of countless innocent individuals that the public conscience is and must be outraged." Bishop Pike, the scourge of anti-Communism while he was in New York, has seen it confirmed, on moving to California, that sin is universal.

● Vice President Nixon's return from Moscow has given rise to a curious lament from curious quarters. There was the refusal of Senate Democrats to rise and applaud when Nixon entered the Chamber; followed by Senator Humphrey's aberrant praise of Nixon's Russian performance. Then there were the slow-motion gyrations of the Rockefeller ballet. Gyrations were to be expected (the necessities of political cynicism dictate them). But the spectacle of Rockefeller's congressional supporters slyly hinting that Rocky hates Nikita more than Dick does, and Congressman Stuyvesant ("Rockefeller for President") Wainwright's radio warning that Nixon will have to take the consequences for bringing Russian leaders to the U.S.—both add up to something more significant than political maneuver. Apparently, some of the nation's shrewdest politicians of the Liberal-left *expect* a debacle on the occasion of Khrushchev's visit, and are paving the way to capitalize on it.

● The special cabinet committee on economics headed by Vice President Nixon is now talking about "promoting economic growth," with prices kept "within reasonable bounds": perhaps because it becomes difficult to be convincingly anti-inflation while more or less going along with the current congressional spree. *Item*: the Senate's vote to re-establish a Civilian Conservation Corps (cost, $375,000,000 a year). *Item*: affirmative action by both Senate and House on a bill to increase non-service-connected pensions to veterans and their widows and orphans by $10 billion over a forty-year period. *Item*: the proposal that an International Development Association be set up to make loans to poor nations that can't qualify for credit at the World Bank under its present solvency regulations. *Item*: White House acceptance of a three-and-one-half billion dollar appropriation for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, despite the President's personal conviction that it will prove difficult to spend that much money effectively on such things as medical research to improve the nation's health. *Item*: the probable passage in the Senate of a substitute $1 billion housing bill, which is only slightly less expensive than the bill the President has already vetoed.

● Washington (State) Superior Court Judge James W. Hodson has declared unconstitutional a state anti-discrimination law by which a homeowner had been ordered to sell his house to a Negro. Wrote Judge Hodson: "We are faced here with a head-on collision between two rights, both of which historically have been regarded as basic, natural, inherent and inalienable. One is the right of every individual to be treated equally [under the law] . . . The other is the right of the owner of private property to complete freedom of choice in selecting those with whom he will deal . . ." The Fourteenth Amendment, Judge Hodson points out, secured the individual only against invasions of his rights by state action. He added: "This court concludes that it is palpable sophistry to argue that [the defendant], in endeavoring to sell his home, is acting by, for or as the State. A private individual acting in his private capacity is perfectly free to discriminate as he pleases."

● The Econometric Institute reports that it now has a "completely operational" model of the U.S. economy, capable of churning out accurate short and long term predictions by electronic computation. It also has access to an impressive new electronic computer. Looking at the machine, an IBM 650 capable of "digesting" a new "80 equation integrated model covering employment, production, inventories, orders, sales, prices and all aspects of the United States economy," one is apt to overlook the far more important fact that it is the estimable Dr. Colin Clark, Oxford University economist and student of the effect of taxation on human energy, who is in charge of feeding the IBM monster with the facts it chews up. The IBM 650, after all, is only as good as what it receives; and we commend the Econometric Institute not so much for a purse that can afford a computer as for the sense that can employ a first-rate economist to watch over the Institute's affairs.

● We keep trying to take Ghana seriously, but somehow it gets the better of us. Like last week, for instance, when the Ghanese Opposition went and elected as its parliamentary leader the Honorable S. D. Dombo.

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What Khrushchev Intends

The United States—NATIONAL REVIEW intends to say it over and over again—has nothing to gain from, no intelligible political motive for, the Eisenhower-Khrushchev visit. Eisenhower does not—cannot—know what he intends to accomplish in the course of it. Khrushchev, by contrast, does know—which is why he finagled the invitation. And we must be clear in our minds as to the motive that will be foremost in his mind when he meets the unmotivated Eisenhower:

1. For Khrushchev, a trip to the world's greatest power and most honored leader is the most effective of all possible moves to legitimize his regime and himself. The President of the United States will—in objective political meaning—be putting the seal of his acceptance on the Kremlin's treatment of its subjects and captives. Let us put the truth brutally: the President of the United States and the chief of the Communist world enterprise will be shaking hands over the corpses of the Freedom Fighters.

2. Khrushchev will use his visit as a lever to separate the United States from its major NATO allies, in particular from France and West Germany. That his calculation here is correct has already been openly shown. The President is forced to rush to Bonn to try to patch the breach that his own action unavoidably caused. General de Gaulle has arranged the press leakage of his justifiable suspicion and anger, which the joint parade up the Champs Elysées is not going to salve.

3. Khrushchev intends, with France and West Germany out of the picture, to exact still greater concessions from the United States on Berlin and nuclear tests than those granted at Geneva.

4. Khrushchev intends that the U.S.-Soviet visits shall suspend all Western international action in relation to the Soviet Union, and so leave the Kremlin an entirely free hand. The West European nations cannot move one way or the other on major matters until they see where Washington is going. Washington cannot move, because it does not itself know where it is going. The Communist enterprise, however, moves strongly forward, as witness the major campaign now opened in Laos and Southeast Asia. The Khrushchev visit serves as the cover for the Communist drive in the field.

How to Protest?

Three thousand Soviet flags will adorn the avenues along which Premier Khrushchev is to drive to the White House from National Airport. He will sit in the car side-by-side with the President of the United States, gazing out upon the Stars and Stripes and the Hammer and Sickle side-by-side on the lamp posts. Perhaps—who knows, since it may be nippy—the two statesmen's feet will nestle together under one-and-the-same luxuriant lap-robe.

When the rumor about the flags (it is still only a rumor) got out, Senator Styles Bridges went wrathfully to the telephone and raised the State Department. Could it be? he asked. The man at the other end of the telephone said he didn't really know for sure, but *thought* the rumor was unfounded. Senator Bridges stormed back to the Senate floor and delivered an impassioned and eloquent plea to spare America, at the very least, the ignominy of honoring the bloody Hammer and Sickle.

His speech was reported on the nineteenth page of one of Washington's papers, in a sentence or two, and was not noticed elsewhere, even though it was spoken by the most powerful Republican on Capitol Hill. Thus far the apathy.

But what *can* the State Department do? The Hammer and Sickle *must* wave over Washington, must it not? Surely if we are prepared to welcome the *living* symbol of the Soviet Union, we cannot cavil at a display of its relatively harmless *inanimate* symbol? The State Department cannot have overlooked the consequences, in terms of protocol, of inviting Khrushchev to this country. And no derivative consequence, no flags, or toasts, or anything, can be so ugly as the initial invitation.

NATIONAL REVIEW, having received a flood of mail, has put a considerable amount of thought into the question, How can it be useful in assisting those who wish to protest actively Khrushchev's arrival in this country? We have decided to cooperate with other organizations in public demonstrations in New York and Washington, details of which will follow in the next issue. And, acting on the suggestion of one of our readers, we are manufacturing a sticker that will read simply: KHRUSHCHEV NOT WELCOME HERE.

We had in mind at first the more extended statement, Khrushchev Not Wanted in This Household. There is much malarkey these days to the effect that we owe it as a matter of loyalty to our President to welcome his guest when that guest comes within our purview. That is mischievous nonsense. Every American is master of his own hearth, and it is his right to register his political opinions. In such a case as this, it is all the more urgent that those who dis-

Wanted: Volunteers to sell NATIONAL REVIEW stickers "Khrushchev Not Welcome Here." Please write to NATIONAL REVIEW, Department KGH, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

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sent from the catastrophic moral mistake of the President should make plain their feelings.

But, for practical reasons, we truncated the original slogan, so that a single sticker would be appropriate not merely on the window of one's *house*, but also on the window, or bumper, of one's car—indeed on any object which is one's own to decorate as one sees fit. We hereby enter into a contest with the State Department to manufacture more stickers than it will Hammer-and-Sickle flags. We dream of great cities plastered with these simple stickers, the badge of honor. We make them available (see back cover of the magazine) at minimum cost.

A Visit from St. Nik

"We will bury you."—Nikita Khrushchev

The undertaker's come to take our measure:
He's *got* to know how big a box he'll need.
It's a painful task from which he gets no pleasure,
But he bears his cross according to his creed.
He prides himself on honest work, not shoddy—
If there's *one* thing that annoys him, this is it:
To squeeze an anti-Communistic body
Into a casket which it doesn't fit.

(For there's nothing so untidy—
He gets shudders at the idee—
As a casket and a body that don't fit.)

If he's tough and gruff and otherwise dismays you,
Just count to ten and do not start a fight:
He's coming here to bury you, not praise you,
And he'd like to do the job and do it right.
So patience while he measures you for size
(And not a word about the Laos border)—
Cooperate: and, when they close your eyes,
They will seal you in a coffin made-to-order.

(Here's a chance for every Yankee—
Short and fat, or lean and lanky—
To be swanky in a coffin made-to-order.)

Let's be polite and show him we have manners:
Don't mention Poland, Hungary and the rest.
And, *please*, no rotten eggs, no ripe bananers—
That ain't no way to treat an honored guest.
If you *must* throw something, let it be confetti;
And your cheers should have no Bronxian overtones—
For, though Mr. K. is anything but petty,
You might get a box that wouldn't fit your bones.

(And you must *concede it's neater*
While you're waiting for St. Peter
To be lying in a box that fits your bones!)

MORRIE RYSKIND

Bravo

The members of the House of Representatives wanted to be sure, doubly sure, that they weren't leading with their chins in voting for a labor bill that would backfire in the 1960 elections. So they talked and waited for a Rules Committee go-ahead, meanwhile making some indecisive comparisons of the milk-and-water Senate bill (the Kennedy bill) and the far tougher Landrum-Griffin bill offered by two House members whose profiles, comparatively speaking, were positively limned in courage. In the House corridors the members were aware of a brooding omnipresence in the flesh: whole platoons of labor lobbyists were at work buttonholing congressmen to warn them against the unions' implacable wrath should a judgment be exercised in favor of Landrum-Griffin provisions against blackmail picketing and the secondary boycott. But there was another omnipresence: the bulging mailsacks filled with scribbled endorsements of President Eisenhower's August 6 TV speech calling for passage of the Landrum-Griffin amendments. There was also a further factor: some consciences had been pricked by across-the-hill calls from Senator McClellan, who hoped he had not labored in vain during all those months when his committee was busy taking evidence of thuggery and racketeering on various union fronts.

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In the end the grassroots and the individual consciences of key representatives spoke louder than the combined threats of the labor lobby: the Landrum-Griffin bill was passed. The congressmen themselves hadn't expected it; the Washington press corps hadn't expected it—but the trickles had come together at the last minute to make a river. (On the preliminary vote, the majority in favor was fifteen; on the final vote it was 303-125. Since the House had pinned the Senate's Kennedy bill number to the Landrum-Griffin provisions, there is, in effect, merely one bill for the conferees to dispose of.)

Now it is the Senate's turn to make sure, doubly sure, that it is not leading with its chin in supporting a labor bill that might backfire in 1960. The Senate has granted itself a full week of waiting before it will step in to give its seven members on the conference committee final instructions or a discharge. Since five of the House conferees favor the Landrum-Griffin "tough" approach on secondary boycotts and blackmail picketing, a Senate minority of three conferee votes could grant us a far tougher bill than the one which Senator Kennedy originally proposed.

The Landrum-Griffin bill does not, of course, get at the heart of the main union problem, which is one of monopoly power. But it is a good beginning. NATIONAL REVIEW is as heartened as it is surprised that the House has acted as it did. In a spurt of unaccustomed optimism, we expect good things from the Senate.

Castro's Caribbean

Fidel Castro was, of course, at it again. First, there was the discovery of a tangled conspiratorial web within high Cuban circles: 4,500 tossed in jail and a three-day postponement of Dr. Castro's regular weekly five-hour telecast.

Then Dominican exiles operating out of Havana were disclosed to be recruiting New York Puerto Ricans to do battle with Trujillo. The soldiers of fortune were provided plane tickets, transported to the Sierra Maestra hills, drilled in the bare routines of Caribbean revolutionary maneuver, and clapped into prison if they suddenly decided they didn't want to die in the Dominican Republic. All of this went unreported in the Cuban press.

Then there was the invasion force, which we are told was dispatched from Ciudad Trujillo itself, to conquer Cuba—an abortive attempt staffed by Caribbean miscreants now boxed in the hills and throwing away their guns. Nobody bothered to wonder why Trujillo, assuming he is not out of his mind, 1) would have launched a task force at exactly the moment when the foreign ministers were meeting in Santiago, Chile, and listening sympathetically to his complaints against Cuban interference; or 2) how General of the Armies Trujillo ever expected to capture Castro's Cuba with a dozen men.

As for the Santiago session, at week's end at least it wasn't doing any harm. The customary Venezuelan proposals for a discriminatory U.S. aid policy (money and material to Venezuela, etc., and nothing to the "dictatorships") were dusted off and offered up—a meager repast rejected when nobody could agree on how to distinguish Trujillo's tyranny from Castro's democratic revolution. The Man of the People Himself told reporters he was too busy to make the Santiago scene, and didn't give a plugged peso what happened there, anyway.

The Caribbean crisis? It continued.

Charles Edison Takes Steps

Businessmen can usually be counted on to meet immediate pragmatic demands of the market place. But protecting the cultural climate in which the market system operates, is something else again. It is, so to speak, once removed; and the businessman, eminently "practical," is apt to miss its significance.

Not so former New Jersey Governor Mr. Charles Edison, Chairman of the Board of the McGraw Edison Company. To combat the anti-market tendencies so prevalent in our society, Governor Edison has undertaken a promising experiment. He has, through his Board, created a five-man Committee for Public Affairs within his company to keep 750 McGraw Edison executives informed on current events and movements which "may be either helpful or detrimental to the society that permits free businesses to flourish and survive."

This Committee for Public Affairs is now publishing separate monthly newsletters and bulletins which digest pertinent information and keep tabs on the activities of Congress and the state legislature. Both the newsletters and the bulletins have circulated excellent material, including, we are happy to note, not a few excerpts from NATIONAL REVIEW. We hope Mr. Edison's idea proves contagious.

R.I.P.

Don Luigi Sturzo

By the death of Don Luigi Sturzo on August 8, at the age of 87, Italy has lost at once a remarkable man and a symbolic champion of what is best in modern Italian politics. Don Luigi, born into a distinguished family, became a priest early in life, and continued—against the bad health that was his life-long handicap—with advanced studies in canon law and theology. Increasingly concerned with the mounting social prob-

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lems around him, however, he turned away from pastoral and scholarly life to public and political activity. His objective was to fuse democracy with Christian principles and the demands of social justice in an industrial age.

With that conception he founded the People's Party, which evolved into what is now the Christian Democratic Party that has governed Italy since the War. Don Luigi's goal brought him into irreconcilable conflict with Mussolini. In 1925 he began a two decades' exile. His health was too poor on his return for day-to-day politics, but his moral and intellectual influence was powerful in pulling the Christian Democrats toward his original and unchanging program. This had more and more alienated him from the left-wing (Amintore Fanfani) Christian Democrats, whose political tendency orients them toward Marxian ideology and a united front that would include not only Pietro Nenni's Socialists but even Togliatti's Communists.

Don Luigi Sturzo's living presence—though for some while he had been "preparing to die" within the walls of a convent—had braked this tendency toward an "opening to the Left," and had sustained the Segni-Pella wing of the Christian Democrats in its effort to keep Italy on a pro-Western, anti-Soviet course. The disappearance of his active moral authority will embolden the opportunists and time-servers of all factions.

Admiral Halsey

Admiral "Bull" Halsey, whose incessant "testing" of the ability of the Japanese fleet and carrier-borne airforce to fight back during World War II led to the by-passing of many a strongly fortified island, has died, and the nation has lost one of its better men. Together with General MacArthur, the Bull kept the shoestring war in the Pacific going when Washington was looking primarily toward Europe. He was not always right, but he was always a fighter. "Nothing on the screen but Hedy Lamarr," he would radio to headquarters when the radarscope showed no more Jap airplanes at large. A refreshing character has gone to join John Paul Jones in Valhalla, and, though his shade quite obviously needs no help from anybody, we wish it well.

Wanda Landowska

During the same period when the world of art lurched forward in flight from form and substance and idealism, Wanda Landowska discovered the majestic order of Johann Sebastian Bach. She was not only an artist but a scholar, and so brought to her ceaseless efforts to know the music of Bach not only her ample and fiery spirit but the considerable resources of a trained and inquisitive mind. She turned away from the piano to a more suitable instrument for rendering the genius of Bach, and revived the harpsichord, on which she concertized for forty years; and the gentle little clavichord, which she played for her friends. One of them, himself a master, has said that in our time, no one has dominated a musical instrument as Madame Landowska did the clavichord.

She had her detractors. Some of the purists liked to say that what she played was not Bach, but Landowska; and indeed, there is no authority on the shelves for some of the embellishments, some of the liberties with tempo that she took with his music: but she took them always with a decisiveness that overpowered all but her most unmusical critics; for she played Bach with a serene suggestion of a smile on her face, as though *she* knew definitely what he wanted, and didn't the sounds that came forth validate her communion with Bach?

Wanda Landowska is dead. The musical world has lost an anchor cast to windward so many years ago, on which it has much depended to relate the wildness and egomania and solipsism of so much of modern art to Bach's heavenly world of order and beauty—the world to which Wanda Landowska, five feet tall, head barely reaching to the upper console, devoted her reverential life.

Notes and Asides

The next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW *will* consist of arrant conservative exhibitionism—we quickly confess. Conservatism—so goes the propaganda theme of the past two and one half decades—is the world-view of the antiquarians, the reactionaries, the old fogeys. The world of yesterday may have been theirs—but today? Today the world belongs to Liberalism. Our most unpleasant surprise to those happy necrophiles who like to feast on the corpse of conservatism: an entire issue of NATIONAL REVIEW written exclusively (except for late-breaking news) by men and women *under thirty years old.* If there is not in that issue more life, more savvy, more style than in the typical ventures of their young Liberal counterparts, we'll join the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

Available from *Our Sunday Visitor* (price $1, address: Huntington, Indiana), 128-page compilation of columns by the Reverend Richard Ginder, most widely read conservative columnist in the Catholic press. Father Ginder, an implacable anti-Communist, writes with wit and trenchancy, and enjoys a large national following. Two years ago he devoted a column to NATIONAL REVIEW. Result: 1,200 trial subscriptions!

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National Trends

Senator Dodd at the Battlements

L. BRENT BOZELL

An eloquent, stirring voice of principle rattled through the empty chamber of the United States Senate one day last week. Earlier in the week, word had got around that Senator Thomas Dodd (D.Conn.), who had leapt to national fame six months before on the strength of a brilliant exposition of the need for firmness on Berlin, was preparing a major address on the Khrushchev visit. By Wednesday afternoon advance copies of the speech were on his colleagues' desks. Lyndon Johnson set aside time for delivery—the next morning at ten o'clock when senators could say, some of them truthfully, they had to be at committee meetings. The party leaders and a few others were on the floor when the session opened, but as soon as the routine morning business was out of the way, they cleared out. A solitary Republican remained, in deference to the custom of having both parties represented. Two Democrats came in for part of the speech and interjected brief comments of support. That was all.

I sat in the press gallery with Willard Edwards of the *Chicago Tribune* and Forrest Davis of the *Cincinnati Inquirer* (we didn't have much company either). We agreed we were listening to one of the great Senate speeches of the modern era. We remarked on the attendance, and on the extraordinary fact that in the face of a pre-announced attack on Dwight Eisenhower, not a single member of the President's party rose to his defense. We knew the President's position had its defenders in the Senate—as did Dodd's—but this seemed to be a moment in the nation's history when most of its leaders saw advantages to keeping counsel.

Dodd began his speech with a brief, but apt, characterization of recent U.S. policy. "For the past several years," he said, "our national policy has lacked the positive, virile and resourceful characteristics that are necessary [for] progress against the Communists. . . . But while John Foster Dulles was at the helm, there was a steady and unyielding determination to avoid concession and appeasement. . . . We held the line. . . ."

"Since Dulles' passing," he went on, "there has been a slow but perceptible retreat . . . a new pattern of appeasement has unfolded." Concretely:

"We said that we would not negotiate [about Berlin] under ultimatum, but we have gone to Geneva twice without insisting on a formal retraction of the Khrushchev ultimatum. . . .

"We insisted we would never recognize the East German puppet regime, but in according their equal observer status with the West German representatives, we granted them a partial *de facto* recognition.

"We said that our right of presence in Berlin derived from the occupation statute . . . but we have now backed down to proposals which speak only of right of access. . . .

"We insisted that the President would not go to a Summit Conference unless there were genuine progress at [Geneva], but he is holding a White House Summit Meeting with Khrushchev [anyway] . . ."

Honored Guest

Now comes the "most significant [and] striking retreat from previous policy—the invitation to Khrushchev to tour the United States as an official and honored guest of the American people." "The President's swift and secret consummation of the Khrushchev visit," Dodd charged, "was obviously aimed at preventing . . . prior public discussion of the . . . proposal." The President's methods have also managed "to choke off public controversy" in the aftermath of the announcement. "The Members of Congress, suddenly presented with an accomplished fact, have, with only a few exceptions, either approved the President's action or remained silent. . . . The American people . . . are being propagandized into a position of either applauding the Communist dictator or appearing to hinder efforts to 'relax tensions.' The tens of millions of Americans who oppose the Khrushchev visit are, therefore, almost without spokesmen. . . ."

Is alarm over the turn of events premature? There are those timid souls, Dodd observed, "who feel they must withhold judgment until after the Soviet dictator's visit. To these I would suggest that they look more closely at the first fruits of the invitation": they "provide us with a foretaste of the bitter harvest to come."

"The first result of the invitation," he noted, "was that the Soviets became more demanding and insolent in the negotiations at Geneva." Reminding the empty chamber that Eisenhower's invitation went out in early July, Dodd cited chapter and verse of the Communists' "stepped-up demands" and Gromyko's "personally arrogant manner" thenceforward. It got so bad, he said, that Secretary Herter is reported to have "bluntly informed the Soviet minister [that he would] not tolerate the calculated Soviet denigration of the Western Foreign Ministers." "It is some consolation," Dodd added ruefully, "that Mr. Herter protested in strong terms. The fact remains that he did tolerate it and continued to tolerate it for three solid weeks."

The second result was the reissuance of the Berlin ultimatum. Far from retracting the ultimatum after Eisenhower's invitation, "Khrushchev repeated it—without a deadline, but in more threatening terms. . . ." Dodd cited the joint statement issued by Khrushchev and Gomulka on July 22nd: "If . . . liquidation of the abnormal situation in West Berlin is not effected, then Poland and the Soviet Union will support [East German] measures . . . to liquidate [it.]"

"The third fruit [was] the invasion of Laos. . . . I believe it is of more than passing significance that at the very moment of President Eisenhower's consent to a new meeting at the Summit, Khrushchev should thus brazenly reopen a crisis that was supposed to terminate with the signing of the Geneva Convention of 1955."

So that my "first objection to the President's invitation," Dodd concluded, "is that it represents a major diplomatic defeat and is recognized

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as such in the Communist and non-Communist worlds. . . . To the uncommitted nations of the world, so often pictured as watching to see who is winning the East-West struggle, Khrushchev must now appear the dominant personality in the world."

But the "moral grounds" for opposing the visit, he went on, are far more compelling: "Vice President Nixon, in a peculiarly inept statement, has described Khrushchev as a man who 'worked his way up from the bottom.' Before we accept the Vice President's rags to riches summary . . . let's get the facts into the record." Khrushchev "worked his way up," Dodd pointed out, "through a singular career of murder, treachery and betrayal"—a charge the Senator proceeded to document from a study prepared by the Library of Congress:

Record as Mass Murderer

"Khrushchev first appears in history as a Communist official in the Ukraine in the early 1930's helping to direct the program of planned starvation which resulted in the death of five million Ukrainians.

"In 1938 Khrushchev was appointed Communist chief in the Ukraine. . . . His task was to direct the great Ukrainian purge of that year. Authorities on Ukrainian history estimate that 400,000 men, women and children were murdered under Khrushchev's over-all direction in that single year.

". . . a fully documented account of the purge in [just one district] will give a graphic picture. Three months after Khrushchev rose to power in the Ukraine, twelve thousand people were murdered in the small city of Vinnitsa; each of the victims was shot in the back of the neck—in some cases two or three times. They were thrown into mass graves. . . . The documentation on Vinnitsa is complete with hundreds of photographs, reliable details of eyewitness accounts and authoritative medical records. This is what Khrushchev did in one city. . . .

"If there are those who feel that the mass murder of thousands of human beings loses its relevance after the passage of twenty years, consider Khrushchev's role in the massacre of the Hungarian patriots in 1956. It was Khrushchev who in 1956 ordered the Red Army to invade Hungary . . . and ruthlessly massacre Hungarian civilians. . . . It was Khrushchev who invited the Hungarian Commanding Officer, General Pal Maleter, to negotiations under flag of truce—and then had him arrested. . . . It was Khrushchev who lured Premier Imre Nagy and his colleagues out of their sanctuary in the Yugoslav Embassy by perfidiously offering them an assurance of safe conduct—and then kidnapped them. . . . It was Khrushchev who one year ago horrified the conscience of the Free World by ordering the murder of General Maleter and Prime Minister Nagy after secret trials on fraudulent charges.

"This is the man whom the President has invited to our country as an honored guest. This is the man to whom we are asked to extend all of our courtesies, our kindnesses, our tokens of honor and esteem, our symbols of approval."

Dodd paused for a moment to contemplate the "tokens" and "symbols." "Will the Communist flag, the symbol of oppression, tyranny, murder and slavery, be flying from all the posts along the Memorial Bridge and Constitution Avenue? Will all the government employees be let out of work in order to line Khrushchev's path and cheer his arrival? . . . On television and in the press we and the world will be treated to a continuing parade of pictures of American leaders and the American people in friendly, approving, back-slapping poses with the Red dictator. . . .

"Think about it for a moment. . . . What would the Senate and the country have thought if in 1939 President Roosevelt had invited Adolf Hitler to a barnstorming tour of the United States fresh from his conquest of Czechoslovakia, Austria and Poland? . . . Can we imagine Hitler in the White House?"

"The only thing that has changed [in the last twenty years] is the attitude of the American government. Over the years there must have been an imperceptible erosion of moral consciousness, an erosion which is suddenly revealed by an incident of this kind."

Dodd then turned to the effect of the visit abroad

—on the captive peoples, who will see it as "American acceptance of permanent Soviet domination of their lands";

—on the peoples of the free world, who will deduce "a softening of our determination to resist";

—on the Soviet leadership: "It is in our interest that there be a continuation of whatever divisive, internecine conflicts now exist in the Kremlin. . . . Nothing could be more calculated to enhance Khrushchev's personal position [than a] triumphant journey though the United States";

—on the Allied governments: "Each of these governments must contend with the evidence that the United States and Russia are rearranging world affairs. The President may succeed in temporarily allaying. . . misgivings . . . but the danger of a beginning of distrust, suspicion and division is a serious possibility."

Comes Well Briefed

What of the argument about "educating" Khrushchev? "Khrushchev has at his fingertips exact information as to the capacity of our economy, the state of our scientific progress and the status of our military strength. He can learn more about these subjects in a two-hour briefing in the Kremlin than he can in a two-week tour of the United States." On the other hand,"he will doubtless be impressed by the standard of living here, the convenience and the luxuries . . . by the absence of an effective civil defense program, by the absence of discipline, by the absence of dedication and sacrifice. . . ."

This brings us close to the real point—the "educative" effect of such visits on *us*. "The greater the success," Dodd concluded, "the stronger will be the clamor for foolhardy unilateral disarmament, the greater will be the resistance to continuing sacrifices to maintain our strength, the more Americans will cease thinking of Communism as a dread, monstrous tyranny which seeks to destroy all that we stand for, and begin to think of it as just another way of life that differs somewhat from our own but which has its own good points."

And the fewer national leaders, one might add, who will be caught out in public saying with Senator Dodd: "Communism is total evil. It is all black. There is nothing gray about it."

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Notes on a Journey to Russia

Not during this seven year plan, or the next, says a reporter who was there with Nixon, will the USSR catch up to America industrially

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

This is an account of one reporter's observations of two weeks in the Soviet Union and Poland. It pretends to be no more than a series of notes, compromised perhaps by the fact that I have limited myself to what I saw rather than to what I might have seen had I the omniscience of some commentators who never left American soil.

Moscow is a drab, ugly city—the only city I have ever seen which builds its slums new.

Moscow's handful of skyscrapers—the product of Stalin's vainglory and his love of wedding-cake, neo-Roxy architecture—had, like Stalin's face, the pockmarks of time. It was also a city of surprises.

The airport, which by rights should have had at least some of the superficial virtues of a Potemkin village, was a series of runways, one administration building, a single hangar able to service perhaps three planes, and an apron on which sat a long line of TU-104s (the Soviet two-engine jet) and some conventional aircraft. We were to see those TU-104s everywhere in the Soviet Union—for they have been produced at a rate which outstrips their use and so must sit through Russian winter and summer till they rust or turn into the medium-range bombers they were designed to be.

There are no superhighways in the Soviet Union—or at least we saw none. With passenger car production at 100,000 units a year and trucks at 400,000, there is no economic need for anything beyond the three and four lane roads which were the best we saw. Not far from the airport, the Intourist guide pointed out a collective farm—an abandoned movie set, it might have been—of empty fields, a cluster of old and primitive-looking shacks, and some farm buildings, but no people. In the middle of a field, we spotted a tractor, deserted by its driver. (When we passed that way days later it was still there, and the fields were still empty.)

On the outskirts of the city, we entered a tremendously broad avenue —Lenin Prospect—flanked by rows of apartment houses in various states of completion but all built to the same plan. The guide proudly announced that when it was completed, the development would house 300,000 people. Asked when work had been begun on this project, the guide was vague. Asked when it would be completed, he was vaguer still.

Since Catherine's day, Russians have built in the Italian style—stucco over brick. These houses were, even when occupied, still bare of their stucco—and we were shocked by the bad quality of the brick, the amateurish way it was laid, the slovenliness of the prefabricated concrete slabs used in construction. We noticed, too, that a wing or several floors of an unfinished house would be occupied. Many were so weathered that plainly they had been left to the elements in mid-completion long ago—a fact we later verified. It is difficult to say what depressed me most—the sameness, the disregard of what man's labor had wrought or the shoddiness of construction.

I have said that Moscow is a slum. This is true of the physical plant. Except for the old buildings of the Kremlin, the foreign embassies, and such show-spots as the MVD headquarters which houses the Lubianka, it is hard to find any structure in Moscow which does not need plaster, paint, or renovation—which has not been raddled by the grey termite of regimented poverty and heedlessness. The shops, flyblown and pathetic, will display a single sleazy jacket or a dusty pyramid of tinned food. There is, of course, GUM, the city's one big department store, whose glass-roofed arcades add a festive spirit, and its goods are plentiful. The click of the abacus, which tots up all money transactions in Russia, is loudest in the food departments.

The terrible drabness of Moscow is in its people. Stroll through the streets in the evening for a view of the working future. No children play on the sidewalks, and there is no sound of laughter. People move rapidly about their business, the figures of women dumpy, lost in shapeless clothes. The best-dressed girls were the Intourist guides, but they would have looked in envy at the wardrobe of a $50-a-week American typist.

This is the overlay. Beneath it there is the greater reality of the secret police. At the Ukraina Hotel, a 30-story Stalin-built "showplace," that reality is built in. As the lights flash on the elevator's panel board, the floors are ticked off—"10, 11, 13, 14" and "19, 20, 22, 23"—with "12" and "21" missing. On these two floors, the MVD has its equipment for tuning in on every room to record conversations or telephone calls. Here also is storage space for the photo equipment which the men in blue smocks carry about in small kits to photograph the papers in your bag. Outside the hotel, an MVD car sits day and night. At the Ukraina, my locked bag was searched twice, the steel frame of the two-suiter being bent in the process. The papers on my desk were scanned. This sounds comic now. But late at night, as the chemical smell of the Moscow River rose in the breeze and the bedbugs sought nourishment of me, it was not a comforting thought that terror lurked two floors below.

Those first days in Moscow were

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not all grim. If the other food was bad, it was possible to make a meal of the best grey caviar, bread and butter, and vodka—for less than 30 rubles. After the first shock of coping with an army of some seventy American reporters, Muscovites relaxed and showed signs of friendliness. That friendliness increased with every hostile mention of Vice President Nixon in *Pravda* or *Izvestia*. The U.S. Exhibit, tremendously popular, brought hundreds of people from as far away as the Crimea. They lacked the Moscow gloominess and sought us out, if only to shake hands. In time we realized that Communist propaganda, however warped an idea of the world it may have given the average Russian, had not been able to corrode his feeling toward Americans. We also realized that the occasional flash of hostility we encountered was usually motivated by a Russian's sense of the meagerness of his own existence, his knowledge that we lived better and dressed better than he, that we moved on a freer and fuller plane. It was not precisely envy but the need to sustain national pride. If we gave a child a small American coin, he always insisted that we accept something in exchange—and the same applied to adults.

It is this national touchiness, this subconscious rebellion against inferiority, that makes the average Russian respond to Nikita Khrushchev. I watched him for several hours during that unprecedented encounter with Vice President Nixon, noting the way he played up to the crowd in his gutter Russian, a *moujik* come to power, a natural politician skillfully manipulating emotions. At the first surge of people he had waved away his hardfaced security guards, hugged old women, nudged workmen, and put on a great show. But what had delighted the Russians who jostled about him was the obvious tactic of boasts and hyperbole with which he upheld the superiority of the Soviet way of life. Surrounded by the fairyland of the Exhibit, and its manifestations of capitalist excellence, he could make statements palpably contradicted by his surroundings and the Russians loved it. They were not convinced; convincement was not the point at all. He was on the attack against a world which represented all their desires, and by a paradox in the human psyche he was satisfying and justifying their need for it.

The next stop was Leningrad to which we flew in a TU-104B. The Russians were very proud of this plane, so we praised it politely. For them it is a luxury craft, but its appointments are far below the level of the crudest American non-sked. Its jet engines are set close to the fuselage which increases their thrust but decreases stability and tends to induce a roll. Unlike American and other Western passenger jets, it lacked reverse thrust to slow down the landing—relying on parachutes shot out from the tail to cut down speed. We flew in the same plane throughout our Soviet travels—not a happy experience after I had noticed that the join of metal plates on the wing near the right engine had not been riveted properly and gaped. At high altitudes, moreover, screwheads inside the cabin iced up.

The terrible oppressiveness of Moscow began lifting in Leningrad. For one thing, we had weathered several crises in our relations with Soviet bureaucracy. For another, we were somewhat more reconciled to Intourist and its shady business practices.

Before we left for Moscow, we had been assured by the Soviet Embassy in Washington that there would be no censorship for us and that we would be allowed to move freely. We had also been assured that we would accompany the Vice President into Siberia. Once in Moscow, the press office of the Foreign Ministry attempted to impose restrictions on the flow of copy. Herbert Klein, Vice President Nixon's press secretary, stormed into the Ministry and threatened that unless these restrictions were removed, he would take the matter to Mr. Nixon who would carry the fight to Premier Khrushchev. The Foreign Ministry capitulated—then said the press would not be allowed to go to Siberia "because hotel accommodations are insufficient." The Vice President moved in on this one. "If the press doesn't go, neither will I," he told the Soviets—and the problem of accommodation suddenly melted away. But if the Russians could not censor our copy, they could slow it down, and Klein repeatedly had to "pop off to Popov"—Popov being the official in the ministry encharged with our destinies.

Intourist's financial shenanigans began when we were forced as a condition to receiving our visas to pay $30 a day in advance for thirteen days, though we were scheduled to remain only eleven days. This charge included $6.50 a day for meals, plus room and the services of an Intourist guide and car at all times. As it worked out, only eight to ten guides were ever available, cars often not, and when we most desperately needed one or both they were nowhere to be found. Before we left Moscow for Siberia, moreover, Intourist picked up our meal tickets for twelve meals and four teas—2,600 rubles or $260 at exchange—for which we were actually served eight meals, with the government pocketing the difference. By tactics such as these, the Soviet Union made a few extra thousands of dollars out of our trip—and lost millions in the good will of the more naive members of the press party.

In Leningrad, as I have noted, we felt a different atmosphere. The hotels, relics of the Tsarist past, put us up three, four, and five to the room. But the signs of a former graciousness had not been eradicated completely. And in the streets, there were voices and life well into the night. At the opera house, we sat through four acts of Khatchaturian's ballet *Spartak*—beautifully staged and costumed, and nostalgic for us since the composer had bodily lifted "Night and Day," "Over There," "Lover" and pages of Verdi in a kind of hit-parade potpourri. The TU-104B cannot fly non-stop from Leningrad to Novosibirsk. With a refueling stop, we made the trip in about five and one-half hours. There was excitement on the plane as we put down, for here, we had been told, was the new Russia of vast industrial development. Novosibirsk had once been under MVD government, but now it had reverted to civil administration. It was also billed, in Russian hyperbole, as the "Chicago of Siberia." Perhaps someday it will be, when the grandchildren of those who welcomed us are growing into manhood.

Novosibirsk is strategically placed where the Trans-Siberian railroad

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crosses the great Ob River. It is linked by air to European Russia and the Far East. When the Russians get around to building a paved highway between this growing city and Moscow—right now large stretches of road are rivers of mud except during the summer dry season—Novosibirsk will also become a trucking center. Today, it is a long city paralleling Krasnyy Prospect, most of whose side streets are still unpaved, with clusters of new apartment houses whose "modern" kitchens are equipped with wood-and-coal burning stoves. Driving down the main street, we had a view between the apartment houses of potato fields —thousands of acres of potato fields —and a few small stands of corn. The city is primitive, raw, frontier.

What interested us most in Siberia was the promise of seeing the great model plants which turn out machine tools and heavy machinery. But our visit to the Efremov industrial complex was a real eye-opener. This, the Soviets told us, was their very best—but that best turned out to be several decades behind our average. Production lines were badly organized. Overhead cranes could deliver only down the center of the plant. Automation was non-existent. In time we realized that for the Soviet mentality, it is enough to say—whether true or not—that a factory or plant is the biggest in Russia or in the world. That its technology is outdated and its production slow does not matter. ("Do you have plants like this in the United States?" a Soviet official asked proudly.)

In Novosibirsk and Sverdlovsk, we wondered where the skill and industrial power to build sputniks had come from. Every plant we were shown was proof positive that we had been sold a bill of goods by Soviet propagandists. Certainly by a great focusing of effort, by the massing of labor, and by the use of limited numbers of specialists, the Soviet Union could build rockets and missiles and mass produce a jet. But taking Soviet industry, and the economy as a whole, we were still dealing with a backward country whose main incentive was to work as little as the state power would tolerate. If the coffee break was an American invention, the Soviet Union had anticipated it by the all-day goof.

Going through the plants near Sverdlovsk—Uralmash where the Russians once made their heavy tanks, the copper mines, the rolling mills—we saw bigness, but nowhere

the ability to produce both well and in great numbers. Said one correspondent who specializes in industrial reporting: "Maybe the Russians will catch up to us, but it won't be under this seven-year-plan or the next."

It was in Sverdlovsk, the sleepy city where the Czar was murdered and the Revolution born, that it finally penetrated through our sputnik-bedazzled minds that the Soviet Union had neither the transport, the industrial capacity, nor the trained work force to fight a long war. And it occurred to some of us that there was both method and chagrin in Nikita Khrushchev's missile-rattling whenever he was backed into a corner by Vice President Nixon. There had also been plain, stubborn ignorance in his remarks about the United States. Reporters who had firmly argued against his visit to America, then in a rumor stage, began to change their minds. "Let him see what the U.S. is like," they said. "Not only the big factories but the cities and roads and streets, the traffic jams. The worst we've got is better than this."

We returned to Moscow. We took one look at the wax figures in the mausoleum on Red Square—the Lenin which Russians believe is an embalmed human body and the Stalin which may be. We bought our souvenirs at GUM. And we took off for Poland.

It was with a sense of joy and relief that we boarded an American jet, that we slumped into seats made for our creature comfort and received the treatment from stewards and hostesses which we had almost forgotten existed. We put down in Warsaw never expecting the welcome of 250,000 shouting, cheering, and weeping Poles. "Long live Nixon!" they shouted. "We love America. We love Poland." The devastation of war still remained standing, mountains of rubble, shell and rifle-fire scars. But what was rebuilt was solid. The return of Gomulka had brought limited free enterprise, and the private shops were well stocked. The women in the streets had attractive figures—the first we had seen in close to two weeks. Men wore neckties. There was the breath of humanity in the air. People argued on street corners.

We discovered that there is a considerable amount of free speech in Poland—that criticism of the government and of the Soviet Union can be heard in loud and emphatic tones. We discovered that Russia and all things Russian were passionately hated by the Poles. It was a little puzzling to find expressed everything from mild concern to real support for the newest development in American-Soviet relations. Boiled down, this was the consensus:

"Yes, it may be that this will be another Hitler-Stalin Pact in which we will be caught in the middle. On the other hand, no matter what beasts the Russians are, America will not betray us. You sent your Vice President to be here when the announcement was made. His visit to Warsaw was a sign. And while the United States and the Soviet Union are busy discussing peace, perhaps Khrushchev will leave us alone." On the grounds of the University of Warsaw, a woman handed me a bouquet of flowers and said something I could not understand. The people in the crowd smiled and applauded. A young man in the crowd said in English:

"This is a great day for Poland." "You mean Mr. Nixon's visit or the announcement?" I asked. "Both," he said. "Long live America."

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A Final Note on the Eighties

In making his fight in the eighteen eighties for a sociology that would foreswear a bias in favor of a ruling caste of "sociocrats," William Graham Sumner lost out to his great antagonist, Lester Ward. A believer in "social invention," Ward was the spiritual granddaddy of all those who would use the coercive power of the State to set up a "social budget" designed to allocate the people's savings in accordance with top-down planning edicts. He was John Kenneth Galbraith in nineteenth-century dress —and the future has more and more tended to bow to his ukases.

Sumner was unfortunate in his defeat. But, as time marches on, we begin to suspect that it was one of his greatest victories, won at Yale in the eighties as a philosopher of education, that has turned sociology, economics, history and a whole host of allied subjects over to the Lester Wards and Kenneth Galbraiths.

In the eighteen eighties Noah Porter was still President of Yale. A serene, sweet-tempered man in all his personal dealings, Porter nevertheless had considerable steel in him when it came to defending the old-fashioned curriculum. He insisted on the virtues of the classics; he thought it was the duty of the thinking man to master grammar, rhetoric and logic as the basic tools of intellectual intercourse. And, finally, he considered that moral philosophy, in conformance with Emerson's thesis that there is nothing more important than the "conduct of life," should be the capstone course in any young man's college training.

Porter's ideas were, of course, thrown over, lock, stock and barrel, at the Harvard of President Charles Eliot, the father of the free elective system. In the course of time Andrew D. White, at Cornell, came up with a modification of the Eliot scheme under which students might choose between *branches* of studies, but with a relatively fixed curriculum once a field of specialization had been selected. The White idea appealed to Sumner, the moving spirit of a Young Yale which was determined to overthrow the Porter curriculum. Under Porter the sciences and the modern languages were having a hard time achieving elbowroom. Since the nation, in a technological age, could no longer limit itself to drawing its leaders as of old from among clergymen and lawyers, it was obvious that the colleges must make room for a wide list of new subjects. And if Sumner had confined his labors to carving out space for upper class "grouped" electives in the modern languages and the natural and social sciences, he would have been in the clear.

Unfortunately Sumner linked his proselytizing for a new curriculum with a Veblenesque attack on the Latin and Greek classics as so much conspicuous waste. "The most marked fact about classical culture," he said, "is that it gives no guidance in conduct at all." (This from a man who in his own social studies drew example after example of foolish economic and social behavior from the history of Rome's decline!) And, in addition to his attack on the classics as the "rubbish of the schools," he was destined, as the adversary of a few relatively incompetent philosophy professors, to become the great advocate of abolishing the entire subject of philosophy from the university curriculum. To Sumner, philosophy was as empty as the holes made by swallows in cliffs.

Well, what has this to do with Sumner's defeat as a proponent of a sociology that would avoid an *a priori* commitment to the idea that man, as a social integer, cannot find voluntary ways of handling most of his affairs? Only this: in licking Noah Porter to a frazzle in the matter of the utility of the classics and of moral philosophy as a guide to the conduct of life, Sumner helped kill some of our last great individualists. Porter should have been accepted by Sumner as a great ally, for at the center of Porter's own moral philosophy was the Kantian conviction that man had a "categorical imperative" to think for himself and to stand on his own feet. Porter stood for the moral autonomy of the individual; he was the Kantian supporter of Sumner's "forgotten man."

As a psychologist, Porter attacked the James Mill-Jeremy Bentham notion that man's mind is a *tabula rasa* destined to be scribbled upon in passive deference to the accidents of chance and fate. It was Porter's intuitive feeling that "all knowledge begins in a judgment and afterwards by analysis reaches the simple concept." This is quite in line with modern ideas about "*gestalt*," or the teaching that a perception of pattern, of "wholes," is at the bottom of human consciousness. One "sizes up" things before pulling them apart. The corollary of this is that man is less a plaything of confusion than behaviorists on the one hand and Freudians on the other have supposed.

Sumner needed just such a psychology to bulwark his sociology. Moreover, he overlooked the value that Albert Jay Nock, another great individualist, derived from a thorough grounding in the history and the literature of classical civilization. As Nock pointed out, no perceptive student of old Rome could ever be beguiled into thinking that the State can ever become an adequate substitute for the *paterfamilias* in taking responsibility for the conduct of life. No one who has pondered on what happened to Athens after Pericles had drained it of individual will could ever believe in the benevolent intentions of a Franklin Roosevelt. And no one conversant with the "reforms" of the Gracchi could discern a farm savior in Henry Wallace.

True enough, a classical gerund-grinder might miss the import of what Greek and Roman literatures have to teach. But gerund-grinding is no fault of the documents, it is a fault of witless teaching. Sumner should have tried to improve the quality of the classics departments and the philosophy departments instead of fighting to get rid of them. As it is, his pedagogical victory in the eighties is one of the causes of our contemporary defeat.

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Fleet Street Walks on Eggshells

Like the United States, Britain finds herself defenseless against monopolistic labor unions

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

This article almost certainly couldn't be printed in Britain; something which should concern men everywhere who believe in free speech.

After a strike lasting nearly seven weeks, the members of ten printing unions have gone back to work. Their strike cost some £28,000,000; closed down 1,000 local papers, 87 provincial morning and evening papers and 4,300 printing companies; reduced the national dailies, which alone were not directly involved in the strike, to mere 8-page skeletons. The unions' demand was for a 10 per cent wage increase and a reduction in the basic working week from 43½ hours to 40 hours. This year instead of demanding higher wages because the cost of living had risen, they demanded a bigger share of the profits because times were good; in other words, they are always going to ask for more money and will simply suit their argument to the circumstances. The employers at first said they couldn't afford to give any wage rise at all but offered to submit the dispute to arbitration. The unions refused because they said that, until the employers made an offer, there was "nothing to arbitrate about."

But these things—the fallacy of the continual compromise, the inequality of pressures in modern collective bargaining—apply to all recent industrial disputes. This strike had far more sinister features.

Consider three incidents.

1. Early in the dispute, the *News Chronicle,* which is a Liberal paper, published a leading article critical of the unions. Next day the printing ink workers delivered no ink and threatened to withhold supplies indefinitely. The *News Chronicle* was not involved in the strike but the Newspaper Proprietors Association have an arrangement that, if one national paper cannot come out, the others won't appear either. So for a perilous moment it looked as though all the national papers might be closed down too.

This particular crisis was averted but soon the ink workers themselves were on strike. Again the nationals were in danger. But union permission was graciously received for the papers to pool their reserves of ink and later—though this fact was carefully suppressed at the time—to import strictly limited supplies from Paris.

2. The strike-bound provincial papers in some cases managed to produce emergency editions, though distribution was often difficult owing to the hostility of the transport workers. Certain Socialist-controlled town councils—Leeds, Liverpool and Nottingham were bad examples —thereupon refused to admit representatives of these papers to the council meetings and instructed their employees, including the fire brigade and public health departments, to give no information to the press. This raised quite a storm but the tyrants of the town hall showed no sign of repentance nor has the Labor Party condemned their behavior. Good Socialists do not handle "black" goods and this is more important to them than freedom.

3. The Association of Cine and TV Technicians "warned" the Independent Television Authority not to increase its news coverage during the strike. This warning was accepted.

Labor Prefers Big Business

The settlement has now given the unions a 4½ per cent wage rise and a reduction of 1½ hours in the working week; this reduction is accepted by both sides as purely nominal. What it means is that an extra 1½ hours will be paid at overtime rates, and a further reduction may be claimed in two years' time.

Many small journals and printing houses have probably not survived the strike or will be unable to meet the higher labor expenses. So the dwindling media of communication in this country will have dwindled still further. But the unions don't mind about that. They find it easier to bargain with a few big firms.

During the negotiations, the employers produced a long list of restrictive practices, imposed by the unions, which force them to employ anything up to a third more men than the job needs. Newspapers have to be counted by hand, for instance, and tied into bundles with string because the unions will not allow the introduction of labor-saving machines.

The closed shop prevails almost everywhere in the printing industry. The unions control the number of apprentices admitted and for a long time have not allowed the employers to take on enough. The secretarial and clerical staff on a newspaper, down to the lowliest typist, must belong to the National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants. For months before the strike began, the secretaries in my office were forced to pay a weekly levy into the printers' strike fund, and during the strike itself, this levy was increased to 5 per cent of their gross income. And yet they disapproved of the strike, could not themselves receive any benefit from it and thought that it would probably do harm to the industry in which they worked.

In the General Strike of 1926 Winston Churchill edited the Government's emergency newspaper. When he was criticized for showing bias, he replied: "As between the fire brigade and the fire I absolutely refuse to be impartial."

This time no newspaper has dared to take such a line. The national papers walked as though on eggshells, terrified that one imprudent word would silence the whole of Fleet Street.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Freud and the Educationists

Mr. Richard LaPiere, professor of sociology at Stanford and editor of the McGraw-Hill series in sociology and anthropology, has just published an important and courageous book: *The Freudian Ethic, an Analysis of the Subversion of American Character* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5.00). The Protestant ethic (a term borrowed from Max Weber), Dr. LaPiere writes, is being supplanted by the Freudian ethic—that is, a coddling of the human person in the delusion that man is happiest when he is almost back in the womb.

This study contains the keenest demolition of Freudian psychology that I have seen anywhere, particularly the two chapters about Freudian theory and practice in education: "The Progressive School" and "The Adjustment Motif." Going straight to the heart of the matter, Mr. LaPiere finds in a vague and vulgarized Freudian notion of man the principal cause of the failure of modern American education.

Publicly-supported schools in the United States, he points out, were established in the belief that they "would, in a generation or two, be the cure for every recognized social ill; and that the schools would, moreover, in the course of time, cost the taxpayer nothing, since the educated boys would grow up to be reasonable and honest men and the need for public support of jails, prisons, poor farms, and homes for the aged indigent would thus be eliminated." This naive hope, derived from the Protestant ethic, died hard. As the public schools failed to fulfill these Utopian hopes, education was made compulsory, and extended to girls. We established the state teachers' colleges —and so riveted upon ourselves the present shackles of Teachers' College, Columbia. "The end result of these and other related developments has been the creation of a fairly closed system of teacher recruitment, training, and accrediting that is impervious to correction from without and generates only nominal self-criticism within its own ranks."

As the initial hopes of the zealots for state schooling waned, the doctrines of the evolutionary sociologist Lester F. Ward were invoked to sanction the public-school system: the schools were to work improvements in the social order. The entrenched educationists, however, "did not implement their philosophical goal by teaching teachers to transmit knowledge to public-school students. They became, rather, so preoccupied with the techniques of pedagogy that they largely and often totally ignored the fact that pedagogical techniques are means to an end rather than an end in themselves. Thus there came about an isolation of the professional educators from the sources of human knowledge—science and the humanities—that is now so complete that in every university the school of education—its faculty, and its students—is viewed with a mixture of anger and contempt by the scientists and humanists."

False Dogma

This narrow clique of ill-educated professors of pedagogy has terribly injured our educational system by the false dogma that all men "are or can be made equal by education." In truth, any society is the negation of equality. "What compulsory public-school education was supposed to do was to eliminate intellectual inequalities in American society, to make all men—and later, women—scholars. What it has, perforce, come to do is strive to prevent any individual from rising above the intellectual mediocrity of the majority."

Among the educationists, and a large part of the public—the theory now dominant is "the philosophy of what is fatuously termed 'progressive' education. It is this philosophy and what stems from it, rather than the failure of the public school to turn out intellectuals, that should occasion alarm. For the progressive school, like the permissive family, is dedicated to the proposition that the psychological welfare of the individual is the highest value and that the function of the school is to foster self-expression and aid in the development of personality."

The typical educationist may not be aware that the postulates he holds are derived from the teachings of Sigmund Freud. "Nonetheless, the modern progressive educator accepts a philosophy of education that, if fully realized and actually effective, would produce high-school graduates totally incapable of living in society and prepared only to spend the rest of their lives on the analyst's couch. They would be passive, uncompetitive, unambitious, irresponsible, egocentric, and—of course—wondrously adjusted to doing nothing at all."

Dr. LaPiere traces the process, in recent years, by which the "social reconstruction" educationists have become conscious or unconscious Freudians. "And so at this point the goals of progressive education and those of the Freudian ethic become indistinguishable. The new goal of progressive education is personality integration or 'adjustment,' which is just a non-Freudian way of saying the achievement of a reasonable balance within the individual of the forces of the id, the ego, and the super-ego. To that end the child must, decreed the progressive educators, be protected from the stresses and strains of participation in a competitive educational milieu."

From such schools will come forth a generation—indeed, it already has arisen—without knowledge of norms, duties, and the fundamentals of human nature and the civil social order: a generation of spoiled brats, bored and potentially dangerous. "They will come, to some degree or other, to see themselves as the school defines them or to see in the school proof positive that they can get away with anything —anything short of murder, and perhaps even that."

For an understanding of the ruinous fallacies of the dogma of "adjustment," *The Freudian Ethic* is the best book I know. Why don't you give a copy to a member of your local school board?

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The Age of the Shrug

FORREST DAVIS

Allen Drury's quietly sensational excerpt of appeasement in Washington and of senatorial mores (*Advise and Consent*, Doubleday, $5.75) appeared in the week witnessing the American government's most distressing capitulation to the Soviet Empire since Yalta. Mr. Drury's naturalistic first novel, projecting the cumulative erosion of defeatism into the mid-1960s and powerfully arraigning the Liberal Establishment's complicity in promoting surrender, is, therefore, shudderingly topical.

The unintended moral of *Advise and Consent*, given the Administration's truckling to the intransigent Nikita S. Khrushchev's demand for the honors of the White House, is that we need not wait a half-decade for Mr. Drury's "Age of the Shrug." The authoritative and gifted author (a Capitol Hill correspondent of the *New York Times* and hence an observer from within the Establishment) could not have foreseen, while pecking out his novel of anxious protest, that our government would so soon sink honor, tradition and considerations of international morality in deference to Khrushchev's desire to witness our fears and gullibility at first hand.

Mr. Eisenhower has updated Mr. Drury's "Age of the Shrug," a time when politicians and people, spiritually aimless, fairly jaded with the fin-tailed, swimming-pool fruits of prosperity, are yet too emotionally fatigued to remember why they must resist Moscow's protean drive for power. The people's shrugging indifference has ripened into acceptance of a sudden and dynamic movement known as COMFORT: the Committee on Making Further Offers for a Russian Truce.

The President of that day, who goes nameless in the book, is sinuous, ruthlessly combative, charismatic—and suggestive of Franklin Delano Roosevelt even to his end of swift death in office. In obedience to the mood emblemized by COMFORT, and perhaps because the President already walks in the dismaying shadow of death, he nominates for Secretary of State one Robert A. Leffingwell, depicted by the author as an orthodox, certified, oracular Liberal who endorses the pledge of COMFORT rallies, "I would rather crawl on my knees to Moscow than die under an atom bomb!"

The gist of Drury's novel is the senatorial struggle over Leffingwell's nomination. Swept along by the author's deceptively relaxed prose, the reader is unlikely to realize, until at the end he comes to reflect with retrospective horror, that Leffingwell's nomination is not defeated on principle but only through the melodramatic suicide of a popular senator who stands in his path.

> The great Age of the Shoddy came upon America. . . . With it came the Age of the Shrug . . . when the problems of world leadership were too large and too insistent and too frightening to be grasped and so everybody would rather sigh and shrug and concentrate instead on bigger and better cars and shinier and shinier appliances and longer and longer vacations. . . . A dry rot had affected Americans . . . and every sensitive American knew it.
>
> ALLEN DRURY
> in *Advise and Consent*

It was that near a thing. Drury's happy ending is too close for comfort (lower-case comfort). Drury's senators, for whom he displays a human weakness born no doubt of long daily association, evade appeals to national dignity and survival in favor of party loyalty, the President's grim whip, and club-like consideration for Majority Leader Bob Munson, ingratiating, cynical and tactically skillful. (If readers detect a resemblance to Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson's clandestine defeat of Lewis L. Strauss, Johnson has only his own behavior to blame.)

It is no secret that *Advise and Consent*, for all that it goes against the Establishment's grain, is a publishing smasher. Its deservedly immense prepublication success as sheer novel, its Book-of-the-Month-Club circulation, *Reader's Digest* abstract, and talk of play and movie versions have no doubt overcome the usual proclivity of Liberal literary editors to minimize or ignore *contra* books. In this respect *Advise and Consent* is reminiscent of Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*. Even before the novel was reviewed, Washington bookstores were piled high with copies, and instructed Washingtonians were playing the tantalizing game of guessing the identities of Drury's real life models. Certainly some of the principal actors—senators, diplomats and journalists, crowding the stage of what may be the first authentically great American political novel—are prototypes.

Few readers, especially the unappeasable anti-McCarthyites, will fail to note the switch wherein the senatorial prophet of COMFORT earns swift censure for contriving the crucial suicide. Senator McCarthy incurred senatorial rebuke incident to his endeavors against Moscow; Drury's principal villain is destroyed for endeavors in behalf of Moscow.

The book has few villains and no unqualified heroes—unless the Republic itself, immemorially worthy of high devotion and forever subject to betrayal. Of the qualified heroes, Senator Orrin Knox, outspokenly princi-

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pled, may be likened to Senator Robert A. Taft. Both failed of the Presidency. Among the villains is a Liberal justice of the Supreme Court, by name Thomas Buckmaster Davis, whose itch for meddling carries him into an unforgivable act of treachery dooming his senatorial friend. I prefer that others scan the contemporary scene for Justice Davis' counterpart.

A reviewer can only wonder about the impact of this tremendous political tract in novel form on the Establishment's complacency, as well as on the vast public which will be reading it and talking it over during the state visit of "the butcher of the Ukraine." Will the book's alarming relevance to our present situation strike home to the public? *Advise and Consent* is explicitly anti-Liberal and anti-defeatist. Its author's bias informs each of his 616 pages. It is as if an accumulated distaste for the cliché-ridden, deracinated, anti-traditional and other-directed Establishment ruling our political discourse and cheerfully digging the Republic's grave, had forced the author into sophisticated disclosure.

In what is perhaps his most acute insight into the open conspiracy of Liberal journalism, Mr. Drury witheringly describes the ardent unanimity with which the editors, commentators and air-wave pundits of the Establishment formed ranks behind Leffingwell's nomination. "All the vast publicity machine that always goes into concerted action for a liberal cause," Drury wrote of that occasion, "had gone to work for Bob Leffingwell; an operation so honed and smoothed and refined over the years that none of its proprietors even had to consult with one another. The instinct had been alerted, the bell had rung, the national salivation had come forth on schedule."

The Establishment, rejoicing in its latest accomplishment, *i.e.*, softening public opinion against the visit of Moscow's Abominable No Man, is too far gone in sin to flinch from Drury's impeachment. While Mr. Eisenhower has been assuring the country during spring and summer that he would not be "bluffed or bullied" by Khrushchev, would not give "an inch" on Berlin nor go to the Summit without meaningful concessions from Moscow, Liberal journalism accurately has been predicting that Khrushchev would come to Washington and the President go to the Summit.

What makes these assured predictions pertinent to the Establishment's share in formulating our foreign policy is Drury's shrewd exposition of Liberalism's power in the matter of Leffingwell. Only the fortuitous self-destruction of a senator opposing the confirmation of an avowed appeaser as Secretary of State aroused the Senate of the "Age of the Shrug" to an obliquely-motivated frustration of that disaster.

What will the public, addicted to best-sellers but uninitiated in the tribal rites that unite the Lippmanns, the Marquis Childses, the Drew Pearsons and the others in powerful voice, make of Drury's warning that it has been gulled? We read of classic examples of the printed word awakening a people: Thomas Paine's *Appeal to Reason, Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *J'Accuse.* Drury speaks of the "dry rot" besetting our society, its convictions and conscience, in the period before the "Age of the Shrug." Is it too much to hope that his persuasive, dedicated and readable novel may eradicate some of the dry rot?

Nixon on Nixon

L. BRENT BOZELL

"The questions most often asked about Richard Nixon," Earl Mazo writes by way of introducing the last chapter of his book (*Richard Nixon: A Political and Personal Portrait,* Harper, $3.95) "relate to his convictions, his political principles, the sort of President he would be. . . ." Indeed they do, and it is testimony to Mr. Mazo's good faith that he winds up his chronicle of Nixon's career by confessing, in effect, that the questions are still there.

The book is not, I hasten to add, without merit. It will make absorbing reading for people who, like this reviewer, go for contemporary political lore; who enjoy a recapitulation of yesterday's headlines in story-form, punctuated here and there by anecdotal fillers that didn't make the papers. That Mazo is plainly a Nixon partisan does not distract unduly from the presentation, and not nearly as much as the author who would feign an open mind.

The book's other virtue is that its last few pages make a stab at supplying what an account of the career failed to yield: the answers to the unanswered questions. Mr. Mazo's method here is refreshingly primitive —he ups and *asks* Nixon what he thinks. The results may not be satisfying to those who prefer psychoanalysis to reporting, but on the theory this is the best we are likely to get between now and—well, January 1961, at the very earliest—some of Nixon's replies are worth noting:

On political "extremism": "It is as wrong for the Republican Party to become a far-right party as . . . to become a radical party . . . extremists

have one thing in common: they push too hard, and drive reasonable, fair-minded people away."

On "conservatism": "Our Republican candidates" should be economic conservatives, but conservatives with a heart. . . . I firmly believe that free enterprise generally, while not sacrosanct, is more efficient, more produc-

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tive and more desirable than government enterprise. [On the other hand] I believe the government has certain real responsibilities to protect the people against the hazards of old age, unemployment, sickness and ill-health. . . . I reject and have no patience whatever with the approach of some ultraconservatives who defend the status quo and [?] speak of going back to the 'good old days.'"

On why he is a "conservative": ". . . if I thought the 'let-the-government-do-it' type of program would work, would produce more, would in the long run be best for the great majority of the people, I would probably be the most enthusiastic radical in these fields that you could possibly imagine." But I don't think this, he adds. My rule of thumb in such matters is, "Will it work?"

On "civil rights": Nixon, Mazo says, "disagrees fundamentally with Eisenhower on how to deal with this delicate issue." According to Nixon: "Just passing laws and trying to enforce them isn't going to work any better than prohibition. . . . The only way we are going to solve the school segregation and other civil rights problems is for our leaders . . . to use their great influence to help develop . . . moral support [for the laws]."

On "right-to-work": "All that the right-to-work movement accomplished in 1958 was to serve as a red flag in bringing out a tremendous organized labor vote which was predominantly pro-Democratic. [The time and money devoted to this movement] could much better have been spent in support of candidates . . . who could take an independent, courageous and fearless attitude toward the right kind of labor legislation."

On "Big Aid v. *Big Guns"*: "If we have to choose in allocating funds between military programs and the economic, information and other non-military programs, I would put the emphasis on the non-military programs, and take a gamble on the military programs."

On "rolling back" the Communist Empire: "Our experience in Hungary is a warning of what we should not do regarding the liberation of the Communist satellites. We certainly should not encourage people to undertake violent revolutions unless we are prepared to help them, and [that] isn't likely [desirable?] because of the risk of a world war. What we . . . should do is to encourage [satellite] governments . . . to assert some independence of the Soviet Union."

On foreign policy aims, in general: "We should adopt as our primary objective, not the defeat of Communism, but the victory of plenty over want, of health over disease, of freedom over tyranny."

A Book of Revelations

ROBERT PHELPS

Bending over backwards, our best poets in the past few decades have made too much of that half-truth about poetry's being, after all, a relatively unserious business. Eliot has called it a superior game. Robert Graves has insisted it should only be written for other poets. Auden has deplored the "frivolity which is intrinsic to all poetry." In her famous poem called "Poetry," Marianne Moore began with a much-misinterpreted line, "I, too, dislike it. . . ."

These avowals were made in varying circumstances, of course. But in general, they amounted to that strategy of self-defense which tries to anticipate the worst one's adversary will say before he says it. Before a Philistine public, a poet emphasizes what his work has in common with sports, showmanship and craft; and in shyness, or uncertainty, he remains silent about what it has in common with bearing witness.

But the fact remains, for readers and poets, that art is not only decoration or diversion; poems are not *just* memorable speech or little gadgets made with words. As Cocteau has urged, *"il nous faudra ne plus envisager l'art comme une distraction, mais comme un sacerdoce,"* a form of dedicated seeking and revelation. A poem is an embodiment of the human being who wrote it. He may be a sinner, a fool, a sickling, but he is there on the page, vulnerable, using words instead of his own person to stand before his fellow creature. He is serious.

I wondered, as I read and reread it, if we will get, in this sense, a more *inhabited* book than Robert Lowell's *Life Studies* (Farrar, $3.50) this year; if anyone else who writes English this well, whose eye for the phenomenal world is this exact, whose blood-beat can impart itself to the iambic line this originally, will publish a book as full of one man's life substance as this one. It was Ford Madox Ford who once defined literature as that "writing which most reveals the personality of its author," and it is no accident that one of the tenderest poems in *Life Studies* is about Ford, and his own literary heroism.

In all, there are 23 poems, and a long prose section called "91 Revere Street." The poems are mostly about the author's relatives, friends, the places he has lived, his own troubled life as a husband and father. The prose, an autobiographical essay, acts as a sort of sounding-board to the poems, providing the reader with graphic images of many of the people the poems mention, but establishing above all the identity and temper of the man who will be uttering them, and who sees himself as the exhausted end of a once virile tradition of austere, eccentric, and imposingly individual New Englanders.

The poems are not joyful, nor, God knows, entertaining, or comforting, except in their clean, distinguished honesty. Robert Lowell uses his own family tree as an image of the American culture we all share and which has passed its finest hour. To its present stage of material abundance, unearned privilege, lost verve and slack anonymousness, he brings his familiar apocalyptic vision, but

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mixed now with ruefulness, helplessness. "Skunk Hour," the last poem in his book, is one which people in the twenty-fifth century will use to see us with.

Not all—perhaps not even very many—readers will like this book. There are always those who deplore any form of the personal in writing, and they will be irked by it. A few evenings ago, one of them—himself a writer of verse, though not a poet—told me he found *Life Studies* "shockingly indulgent. Lowell goes on about his Boston relatives and his private problems as though he thinks we're interested. It just made me squirm. What has poetry got to do with his mother's coffin, or the books in his father's bedroom, or the clothes his little girl wears, or his Scottish terrier who died of eating too many toads?"

The answer is only that Robert Lowell is not a gleeman. He is not writing jingles. A reader must bring more than a wish to play games to his pages. His prosodic mastery is as marvelous as ever, but the substance is beyond mere professionalism and artifice; is intimately earnest in that queer, urgent, innocent way only American writing—from Thoreau and Whitman to Agee and Wescott—seems compelled to be. It is not easy, either, nor least of all, indulgent. It takes great intelligence, and courage, and most of all, humility. To hold out the palms of one's own hands, the veins in one's own wrists, the self-judgment in one's own heart, and at the same time to make durable, breathing structures out of words, is simply to make the rarest, the most permanent literature we are going to have.

What's Real, What's Bluff?

M. STANTON EVANS

IN HIS now-celebrated interview with Averell Harriman, Nikita Khrushchev had this comment to make about the crisis in Berlin: "If you send in tanks, they will burn and make no mistake about it. If you want war, you can have it, but remember it will be your war. Our rockets will fly automatically." Then, it is written, Khrushchev's subalterns (no doubt leaning across the table in an attitude of menace) chorused the word, "automatically."

This slightly preposterous episode —which "terrified" Mr. Harriman— furnishes us with a handy incapsulation of what has been called "sputnik diplomacy." By invoking the specter of his "rockets"—or, more exactly, the whole array of long-range striking power claimed by the Soviet Union—Khrushchev seeks to win his point in each succeeding international crisis.

A report in the July 18 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW suggests how extensive is the fear psychology that the Kremlin has thus managed to induce in the United States. A ranking Democrat argued on the Senate floor that Admiral Lewis Strauss should be rejected for high national office because his hard anti-Communism might evoke the "whine of Soviet bombers" over American cities. To date, however, Moscow has apparently been content to win its victories through the whine of American poltroons. Every effort to meet Red advances with firmness is undermined by demands for avoiding a "nuclear holocaust," for recognizing the "changed balance of power," for an "accommodation" with the new world leader, the Soviet Union.

But what if all the talk about Soviet might happens to be wrong? What if the Communists have *not* achieved the terrific striking power claimed for them by their propaganda agencies and their American idolators? There is no telling. For some reason, this alternative has been ruled undiscussable and unthinkable. But close study of the hearings that have been conducted on the subject of Soviet capability reveals one thing with startling clarity: practically nobody of any technical competence has had a good first-hand look at what the Soviets are doing in air and space development.

INTO this void of ignorance has stepped a man named Lloyd Mallan, a highly qualified writer on aviation, missilry, and associated fields of technological development. Mallan is the

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author of five books on space science. He served *Life* magazine as expert consultant for its special issue on aviation. He has written articles for *Science Digest, Harper's, Atlantic Monthly,* and has received endorsements from such eminent figures in rocket and missile research as Andrew Spitz, Fred Singer, Andrew Haley.

Last year, Fawcett publications commissioned Mallan to go to the Soviet Union to write a series of articles on the "magnificent achievement" of the USSR. Because he was then agog with admiration for the Soviets' yet-unseen accomplishments, and presumably a natural outlet for

Red propaganda, the Communists received him cordially. He thus became the first technically qualified observer tc get a close look at the Soviets' space technology as a whole.

The result of his observations is a book entitled *Russia and the Big Red Lie* (Fawcett paperback, 75 cents). In one devastating sally after another, Mallan makes short work of the widely held image of Soviet power. His case is primarily constructed as any such case should be—through a persistent accumulation of facts concerning the shabbiness of Soviet scientific work in areas crucial to the production of missiles and to the launching of earth satellites. His discoveries include the following:

—Although it is believed in the West that the Soviets are ready to send a rocket around the moon and back ("Project Boomerang"), the intellectual father of the project reveals that it is still simply an idea in his own mind;

—this same scientist, supposedly one of the Soviets' top space men, does not even have the use of electronic computers, indispensable for the complicated mathematical calculations involved in all missile work;

—the Soviets show neither competence nor interest in the art of miniaturization, essential in fashioning instruments for space-flight, missile guidance, etc.

—Red satellite-tracking stations employ primitive cameras, similar to those used by the United States in World War II;

—the Soviets' much-ballyhooed "biggest telescope in the world," allegedly under construction, hasn't even been designed yet;

—the Soviets have done no work on sending men aloft in rocket-powered aircraft (U.S. pilot Chuck Yeager took the Bell X-1 up almost twelve years ago; one Soviet expert in manned spaceflight told Mallan: "We do not believe in such aircraft";

—Soviet articles on space science, strangely, rely on photographs of American apparatus—accompanied by captions phrased to suggest that it is Russian;

—photographs of Russian missiles or satellites, on the other hand, are always heavily retouched, so that it is almost impossible to tell what the original picture looked like (Mallan's book is copiously illustrated with photographs supporting his statements);

—everywhere that he went, Mallan discovered that scientific equipment, automobiles, weapons—almost everything involving advanced technique of any sort—were crudely copied from American originals, and invariably several years behind current developments in this country.

THERE IS one argument which is invariably raised against all attempts to expose Soviet claims as fraudulent: namely, that it is "prudent to accept the Communists' say-so about their prowess, because we thus spur our own personnel to maximum effort, and make sure that the Soviets—even though they really may be behind us now—do not in fact pull into the lead."

This argument ignores the all-important factor of *will.* It is obvious on the face of it that assumptions about Soviet capability which produce craven talk of the "whine of Soviet bombers" and pleas for "accommodation" with Moscow are not prudent assumptions. It is also obvious that a constant campaign of terror, seeking to condition Western peoples to the idea that they are at the mercy of Soviet missiles, will sooner or later have disastrous effects on the will of these people to resist Communist advances.

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To the Editor

No Joy in These Hearts

I have put my United States flag at half mast—to mark the death in so many souls of the God-given devotion to FREEDOM. . . .

When the shaking of the hand of the Butcher of Budapest is ended by his departure, I shall masthead my flag again.

ADMIRAL CHARLES M. COOKE
Sonoma, Cal. U.S. Navy, Retired

Just got a brainstorm: an effective way to protest Khrushchev's visit in any city where he is paraded down Main Street! All patriotic groups encourage everyone to turn out for the big event and line the street for miles. Then, as his car approaches, the citizens turn their backs to the street, fold their arms, and stand in silence! As he drives down the street, for blocks and blocks, nothing but the backs of heads and the sound of the car engine!

Houston, Texas JIMMY SPURLOCK

We are sickened and saddened by the sellout of the American people in this exchange visit of President Eisenhower and Nikita Khrushchev. Please add our protest to those of your other readers which we are certain will be forthcoming.

MRS. F. HENNIE
Maple Heights, Ohio MRS. T. J. WITUCKY

The invitation to Khrushchev to accept our hospitality . . . sickens those of us who believe in freedom. [The] politicians are afraid to face up to the issue, so they dump this visit into the lap of the Americans, and rush to adjourn Congress before the "beast" arrives.

Burbank, Cal. ROBIN WALKER

. . . . I feel I must let you know of my feelings toward your editorial on the Eisenhower and Khrushchev exchange visits [August 15]. I consider your viewpoint in bad taste. I do not believe you have thought it through as thoroughly as is required. You have become, much the same as most Americans, too impatient concerning world peace. In your desire to rid the world of unpleasantness you are becoming reckless in your thoughts and actions. . . . We have no right to be disrespectful to Khrushchev when he comes, just as we have no right to be disrespectful to some one from some other country with which we are trying to negotiate. . . .

West Hartford, Conn. BRUCE E. GARFIELD

There appears to be a concerted campaign among Liberal and pro-Eisenhower newspapers to make it appear that only refugee groups are opposed to the coming visit of Khrushchev and that only they will picket him. This campaign has unfortunately been aided by the reluctance of most native American anti-Communist groups to express their opposition (for fear, no doubt, that they will "embarrass" the President). Even if, as I assume, NATIONAL REVIEW writes articles and editorials condemning the Khrushchev visit, the damage will still have been done. Native American anti-Communist groups will, in the main, have been cowed into silence, and the appeasement wing will score a smashing victory unless—and this is a big "unless"—unless such groups as the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, the American Legion, religious committees, and others, actively picket Khrushchev in front of the Russian Embassy, the UN building, City Hall, and elsewhere. Only public—and publicized—opposition can make any impression on the coexistence-drugged public.

Elmhurst, N. Y. LIONEL LOKOS

As a reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, I propose an urgent campaign to keep Khrushchev OUT of the U.S. In the next issue of NR, reserve one page (at least) for signatures with a short statement appearing at the top. Instruct each reader to get the page filled and RUSH it to the White House.

Brooklyn, N.Y. JOSEPH S. PECORELLA

On his recent trip to Poland, Vice President Nixon visited Palmyrie Forest and there laid a wreath on the graves of the victims of a massacre that had been committed by the Nazi invaders of Poland. Apparently he did not make any corresponding visit to the Katyn Forest to lay a wreath on the graves of the victims of a

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similar massacre that had been committed there by the Communist invaders of Poland.

Undoubtedly, in condemning the Palmyrie slaughter, Mr. Nixon expressed the feelings of all Americans. But those of us who are not of the Liberal persuasion feel that the Katyn massacre was just as evil a deed as the other one and that the two cannot be differentiated merely because the totalitarians who committed one were called Nazis while those who committed the other were called Communists.

Baltimore, Md. JOHN J. IAGO

Roger Babson's widely advertised invitation to Khrushchev to visit here was his own views expressed as the views of the citizens of Gloucester. . . . The Babson invitation was "news" and sent out over news-wire services by the only local newspaper, The *Gloucester Daily Times* (owned by Roger Babson), advertising Gloucester in wrong light, resented here. Nobody heard of my cablegram [of protest to Khrushchev], costing money I couldn't afford . . . but I quoted it in a letter-to-the-editor of the local newspaper, and it met with local enthusiastic response.

RALPH HARLAND SMITH
Gloucester, Mass.

Regarding the forthcoming official visit to our country of a certain Premier, it would be effective and meet if he were met everywhere with silent contempt. No brickbats, cabbages or eggs—no taunts—no placards. No cheers—no waves—no friendly smiles. No nothing! Just the back of our heads—and silence. . . . And immediately after his departure —call out the fire department to wash down the streets!

EDWIN S. WILLIAMS
Single Mountain, Tenn.

Re "Eisenhower Falls to the Summit": I think you have missed the point completely. You will agree, I'm sure, that "a fool with a little knowledge is dangerous." To my mind, Khrushchev is the fool at this point, and is astoundingly dangerous. . . . Here is a man who knows little of America. . . .

Apparently this proud devil is surrounded by a coterie of sycophants who fear to tell [the truth] to their egotistical leader, and this leader has rockets to carry out whatever ideas his arthritic brain may chance to hit upon. Let's show him some reasons why it would be suicide for him to start a global conflict. . . .

Stone Ridge, N.Y. MRS. J. T. RICE

Propounding a Leftist Myth

Your normal ability to see through popular errors about the nineteenth century seems to have flown out of the window when you wrote your piece on "The Export Mark-up" [August 1]. When and how "for most of the nineteenth century" did Britain "pile a big mark-up on top of the cost of labor and force raw material countries to pay through the nose to balance her international payments"? This is as good a leftist myth as any that your leader-writers gaily expose week after week.

A. A. SHENFIELD
Economic Director
Federation of British Industries
London, England

Nauseating!

Everything happens to me! I have only recently recovered from the unfortunate experience of reading your *nauseating* publication. I looked forward to an intelligent exposition of the conservative viewpoint—not a low brow, illogical and enarticulate [*sic*] harangue against the opposite viewpoint. I was in the middle. You just about have driven me to the Liberals.

New York City ANNE CHANDLER

No Featherbedders They

NATIONAL REVIEW has rightly been critical of the journalistic irresponsibility of the *New York Times'* Herbert Matthews re the Castro revolution in Cuba. On the very same page [August 1], you serve up a perfect example of equally irresponsible reporting and comment, in your uncritical acceptance, without analysis, of the charge of featherbedding which has been hurled at locomotive firemen by the Association of American Railroads.

A telephone call to union headquarters of any railroad operating union . . . would have given you information about the functions of firemen, whether on steam or Diesel-powered locomotives. . . . For the facts are that firemen have always done far more than just stoke fires. A fireman is a co-pilot with the engineer, who, by study and experience, has qualified himself to be able to operate as a qualified engineer, in case the train's engineer should be stricken, as all humans often are stricken, with sudden shock, heart failure, or similar human ills. He has always called signals, a sort of double-check on the engineer. . . . The inside of a Diesel is literally a mass of intricate machinery, all of which has to be watched all the time, to prevent excessive heat and resulting fires that could cause much loss to the railroads, and damage to expensive equipment. The railroads haul four and five times as many cars on one train today as they were able to do when steam-powered engines were used. Sometimes four and five Diesels are used to haul just one freight train. If you really think the fireman featherbeds while he continually patrols back and forth on those four and five Diesels, in that mass of heat and noise, while watching out for signals also, and keeping an eye on general road conditions, then you should ask J. Handly Wright to let you ride one of those mile-long trains that run with just one crew. . . .

North Adams, Mass. KATHERINE H. JOSLIN

You patently accept the spurious nonsense advanced so nobly by the Association of American Railroads. Granted, the railroads are plagued with an over-abundance of nonproductive labor on the part of operating personnel (management included, I might add), but is eliminating the fireman the answer? . . . Without the services of the apprentice engineer (*viz.*, fireman), they may well wish they had eliminated other "nonessential" personnel instead.

Los Angeles, Cal. THOMAS C. BUCKLEY

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